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High Number	22	718	Low Number	14	55
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			Total Count	145	
			On Leave	1	

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GUEST EDITORIAL

There seems to be two main theories about crime in the public mind, and both of them are sadly lacking in logic.

The first, and perhaps most popular, is the "good-bad" theory. This assumes that people are either good because there is goodness in them, or they are bad because there is evil in them. Thus, the whole concept of criminal law has been to either persuade or compel people to be good - or else!

However, it is just possible that most criminal offenders are not necessarily "Bad" people. They may just be people who are, in some manner, "out of gear" with life and who strike out, like a child, in confused and angry frustration.

We submit that if an individual is sane and acts in an anti-social manner that may cause serious injury to others, he is only demonstrating his inability to cope with life in an intelligent, orderly way. Such a person, in a desperate attempt to gain attention and recognition, has reached the point where he would rather be noticed for his anti-social acts (and even be punished for them), than not to be noticed at all.

Most criminal offenders have a ready excuse for their actions that is, to their way of thinking, perfectly logical; and it is a peculiar fact that many criminals really believe that what other people call bad is really good, and vice versa.

Now that is obviously poor reasoning; if for no other reason than the fact that it is self-destructive. But it is reasoning, nonetheless; reasoning dictated by deep (and often unknown) emotional needs. And because it is reasoning, it shows that the individual has a circumscribed and confused mind - and not necessarily an unadulterated desire to be "bad."

Most of us are familiar with the case of a small child who refuses to eat. There is no organic reason for the child's sudden loss of appetite - but there is a psychological reason. The child may be in a state of rebellion against its mother, for some reason. But because the hazards of open rebellion are too great for the child to face, he has to find another way to defy her. Thus,

by refusing to eat, he is doing indirectly what he fears to do directly; he is refusing food that his mother tries to force on him; food that has become a symbol of her authority over him.

We recognize that his behavior is "childish" and "immature," because his thinking took into account only a fraction of the total situation. However, when we say that his action is "immature," we are not saying that he is a "bad" boy because he refuses to eat. What we are saying is that the resources he had at his command, for the solving of an emotional problem, were so inadequate that they could not possibly solve the problem. For his own good, of course, the child should eat his regular three meals a day. Yet, for his own "good," as he sees it, he rejects the food.

In similar manner, people of all ages are driven to reject facts, that by all standards, would be for their own good. They reject such facts, not simply with their minds, but with their total makeup; because their acceptance of them would mean giving up something that supports or magnifies their own importance and worth.

The second traditional theory about crime is the "knowledge-ignorance" theory. This belief implies that the human mind has powers which, if they are used properly, will make a person see what is right and act accordingly. Even Socrates fell into this trap by declaring that "Knowledge is virtue."

There is a popular belief, prevalent today, that if only enough people can be educated in the knowledge of the what, why and how of things, all will be right with the world. Yet, when we regard the curious perversities to be found among many so-called "highly educated" people; their self-absorption, pettiness, fears, egotism, dogmatisms, etc., we are forced to wonder whether the dispelling of ignorance is anything more than the beginning of wisdom and maturity, and not its achievement.

This is not to say, of course, that the acquisition of knowledge is not important. On the contrary, the acquisition of knowledge is one of the basic requirements of emotional and social maturity and well-being.

But there is a definite limit to what knowledge alone can accomplish. Knowledge, by itself, is not enough to rescue a person from folly and despair.

For one thing, the function of knowledge is not to do

Nightkeeper

September 3. - As weak an excuse as I've heard in many a month has been given by Johnson, No. 21 68, when he was reported by Guard Pelham for smoking. The reason he broke the rules, the convict solemnly averred, was to relieve a toothache. I wonder how he thought I could shallow excuse as that. I chalked him in to await your privilege.

September 4. - With the exception of noises made by convicts unknown in the center of theest wing, the prison has been quiet and orderly. Guard Mosher was assigned to this section, but as instructions from other guards on the various methods of approaching the galleries unobserved, but without success in this accomplishment.

September 5 - Only the moaning and crying of which persists half the night, disturbed the otherwise quietude of the prison. He says he was severly flogged yesterday for an infraction of the rule. I brought him some rubbing ointment for his raw back which was a fearful sight to behold. I am reputed to be a stern keeper, but I cannot stomach such sights as this. I have usually been against punishing the prisoners by flogging. Solitary confinement on bread and water will accomplish the same effect and in my mind is more humane and a better type of punishment.

September 6 - No. 1253 (life-terminer) got to blowing bottle for his amusement and the annoyance of his neighbors during a portion of the early evening. He didn't expect to get caught, of course, for Guard Mosher stampes along the gallery heralding his coming. I sneaked to the upper gallery, quickly let myself down a post and confronted the convict who I caught in the act of making this noise. "I thought I was a cunning fellow, Mr. Lumpvis, but your too slick for me." He promised that he could not make this noise again and so pleased was I with catching him that I let him go.



I am a prison. Within my walls is a world completely different than any other world, yet basically the same as other worlds. I am a guardian over men and women, not by choice but by necessity. There are those who say my personality and character is bad. There are others the exact way. I have no say in the matter.

I am a home for many men and women. People coming here to escape from their mistakes, pleading for society not to consider them a contagious disease and gave them the opportunity to prove they have found cure, men and women crying out in the silence of the night for their loved ones, a cry that is more than an emotional outburst. It is genuine feeling of a need for someone to help them. Men and women who have found themselves firmly clutched in the hands of trouble and lack the knowledge to know why, wanting desperately to prove to themselves that they are not, in any wise, a stereotypical prison inmate--dumb, treacherous, without feeling, sick.

I am a prison. I am not a handsome thing. My outward appearance is ugly. My conditions are bleak. I can only try to improve the conditions with what I have. It isn't much. The dinginess of my confines breeds hate, greed, perversion, and misunderstanding. I try to rehabilitate but what can I really do?

I am a prison. I don't like myself. I do not exrect you to like me. I loom above the adjoining neighborhood, a cancerous scab on society's rink epidermis. I am a conglomerate pile of stone and steel, an everlasting monument erected to perpetuate the memory of man's inability to understand man.

The times are changing and the world is becoming more advanced, more complicated. A better understanding of human beings is sorely need. To put a man or woman behind my walls and forget about them is a crime against the moral standards of even the lowest form of society. Could you want it to hapren to you? It is a question that needs answering. Address your reply to me --The Prison.

Research Notice

Deer Lodge Research Unit

Men between the ages of 21 and 60 who may have missed our orientation talks or those whose status has changed to permit volunteering for research studies.

During the past year we have done 14 research studies involving some 350 volunteers almost equally divided Rothe Hall and the main prison. Those taking part in our program DO NOT risk loss of opportunity for 10 day blood donations.

If you wish to volunteer for our program, kites are available at Cellhouse Officer's Desk, Dorm Officer's Desk and Rothe Hall.

CLARK THEATRE



MOVIES



John Wayne, Kirk Douglas, Howard Keel, Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, Bruce Cabot, Joanna Barnes.

December 13, 1969

Tobruk

Rock Hudson, George Peppard, Guy Stockwell, Nigel Green, Jack Watson, Percy Herbert, Liam Redmond.

December 20, 1969

Hour of the Gun

James Garner, Jason Robards, Robert Ryan, Albert Salmi, Charles Aidman, Steve Ihnat, Michael Tolan.

December 25, 1969

Who's Minding the Mint

Jim Hutton, Dorothy Provine, Milton Berle, Joey Bishop, Corinne Cole, Bob Denver, Walter Brennan.

January 1, 1970

THE SILENCERS

Dean Martin, Stella Stevens, Daliah Lavi, Victor Buono, Arthur O'Connell, Robert Webber, James Gregory, Roger C. Carmel, Beverly Adams, Cyd Charisse

ROTHE → HALL

MOVIES



December 6, 1969

ROUGH NIGHT IN JERICHO

By Alvin Martin, *Entertainment Weekly*, December 6, 1969



December 13, 1969

Texas Across the River

Dean Martin, Joey Bishop, Alain Delon



December 20, 1969

DON'T JUST STAND THERE

By Gene Wimber, *Entertainment Weekly*, December 20, 1969



December 25, 1967

The Appaloosa

Marlon Brando, Anjanette Comer
John Saxon

January 1, 1968

Tobruk

Rock Hudson, George Peppard



"Heu—the wine is ready!"

SIVERSON

A RAGE TO LIVE

By Larry A. Reedus (The C.H.C. Innovator)

What causes a post-graduate to revolt against a solid gold future.

People are trying so hard to live through their children, and children are trying so hard to live up to their parents - or, live them down. Everybody is living thur or for or against somebody else. It doesn't make much sense, and it isn't working out too well.

"No phoniness" is the code of the new generation, at least the ones who are worth anything. It's a fairly decent ideal, but it sometimes works out cruelly in practice. Dishonesty has a way of creeping in sometimes, no matter how honest we wish to be.

Is the so-called "flipped-out" generation flipped out - or is it flipped-in? After all, we've learned much from the "flipped-out" generation.

Do the children of today depend on their parents too much - or is it that, children are having children today? You might say, the children of today are lost between two worlds, and blaming their parents for not preparing them for it.

It has to be a shattering experience - to live in two worlds and have neither of those worlds hold any love. Any beautiful love that is.... The kind that keeps one alive and makes one want to live.

But how can parents - children having children, give this kind of love, when they themselves are so busy seeking it? When they themselves dangle in two worlds - like the broken edges of a marriage, rubbing together like the unset ends of a bone that had been fractured but was still living... living and paining.

Still... another note of the modern, flipped-out generation has crept into the rhythm of life...the rage to live - the rage to live before they die!

And this rage to live, this rage to love and build real

friendships, blinds these kids (thank God), to race, color or creed. They want to live and love before they die, and they don't care who it's with!

In this flipped-out generation, in this age of blowing the mind, in this day of tranquilizers and automation... trips....trips....: an aura grows and pulses against the horizon until the moon thrusts its light across your life like the flesh of a Viking's broadsword. It climbs into the sky, bathing everything in a downpour of silverish green.

The whole world seems drenched in calm. It stirs soundless echoes within - echoes which a stranger can never quite hear.

Far off and faint as a sign of wind in the pines, the cry of a loon comes weird and lonely. Heaven and earth never agreed better to form a more captivating backdrop. Mountains, hills, plains, valleys, rivers and brooks, all running synchronically together.

... the surface remains beautiful; but what about the dry rot of the heart? Obviously, the great universal passion is love.

So help me God solve a terrible problem. It is, whether to continue an "increased self-control" type of "good-life" or "no-life-ignorance" theories ultimately sustain better behavior - or misbehavior.

Now, it should be clear that neither the "good-life" nor the "no-life-ignorance" theories ultimately sustain better behavior - or misbehavior.

In their place, suppose we try the "mature-immature" theory.

Now, we realize that human misbehavior is an "immature method of solving" problems that should be solved in a mature manner.

Now consider the idea that all criminal offenders are adults - and can be governed in the same adult methods and processes. They just be "immature" - or "mature" - but really nothing.

TOASTMASTERS

OPEN HOUSE SPEECH CONTEST

Here is a "Toast" of congratulations to the Mount Tozell Toastmasters club 141, for their success in accomplishing an impressive and auspicious Open House Speech Contest. One that will be remembered for quite some time by the members.

The history of Club 141 tells us that this is the second Open House held for over a period of two years. No one seems to remember the time the last one was held and how successful were its merit of achievements.

The participating outside clubs were the Breakfast Form 1897, of Missoula. The Gallatin Toastmasters 362, of Bozeman were also invited but due to weather conditions they were unable to participate.

There were 43 people present. The club 141 members and their wives and friends, the outside Breakfast club members and the M.S.T. Band whose music was highly commended by the visiting groups and guests.

The afternoon kick-off began by the sound of the "gavel" and behind the podium stood that southern gent, the Educational Vice - President, George Kimble. Mr. Kimble then introduced Father Flemming for invocation.



After the invocation, Mr. Charles Dell, the acting Warden, delivered a welcoming address to the audience.

At last the Master of ceremonies was introduced. The gentleman was no other than the club's President, Mr. Fred Kunzelman. After making his brief welcoming remarks, the program went into the presentation of awards for the Mount Powell members' accomplishments and achievements.

The Honorary membership certificates were given to Mr. Charles Dell, Mr. William Nend-Land, Mr. Napoleon Gregory, sponsor of Mount Powell Toastmasters, and Mr. James Blodgett.

The club Achievement certificates were awarded to Mr. James Wells, the club's 1st place speaker; Mr. James Addison, for the 2nd place club speaker, and Mr. Fred Kunzelman for the 3rd place club speaker.

The Most Active Members certificates were awarded to Mr. William Barry, Mr. Steve Crawford, Mr. James Wells, and Mr. Fred Kunzelman.

The First Place Speaker Awards went to Mr. Fred Kunzelman for the month of July 29, 1969, and Mr. James Wells for the month of August 5, 1969.

The Second Place Speaker Award went to Mr. Forrest Cutlin for the month of July 5, 1969, Mr. George Kirble for the month of July 12, 1969, Mr. William Smith for the month of July 15, 1969, Mr. Robert Humble for the month of July 29, 1969, and Mr. James Addison for the month of August 5, 1969.

The Third Place Speaker Awards went to Mr. Robert Humble for the month of July 22, 1969, Mr. Steve Crawford for the month of July 29, 1969, and Mr. Fred Kunzelman for the month of August 5, 1969.

The Participation Certificates were awarded to Mr. Fred Kunzelman for President through the months of September - December, also for the offices of Secretary,



Vice-President. Mr. George Kimble for the office of Educational 1st Vice-President through the months of July and August. Mr. Steve Crawford for 1st Admin. Vice-President, Mr. James Wells for Sgt.-at-Arms, Mr. Forest



Catlin for Treasurer, July through August, Mr. May Fuller for Treasurer, August through December, and Mr. Hellman for the duties of Parliamentarian.



The "Toastmaster of the Month" and the "Toastmaster of the Year" awards were presented by Mr. Elden Thorsen of the Breakfast Form Toastmasters of Missoula, to the following Mount Powell Toastmasters. Mr. Fred Kunzelman, Toastmaster of the month of July: Mr.

Steve Crawford, Toastmaster of the month of August, and Mr. William Smith, Toastmaster of the month of September. Perhaps the most treasured award given to any Toastmaster is the "Toastmaster of the Year" Award. This Award went to Mr. George Kimble. A job well done.

After the 30 minutes break the Speech Contest got under way. The speakers were Mr.



James Ells of the Mount Powell Toastmasters, Mr. William Elsh of the Breakfast form of Missoula, and Mr. Robert Humble of Mount Powell. The first contestant was Mr. William Elsh and the title of his speech was "Fight or Run". The next speaker was James Ells of Mount Powell. His titled speech was "Ode to an ex-con's wife". Jim's speech touched the hearts of many persons in the audience. Perhaps more so to the outside guests. Here are some of the words which I believe will linger in the minds of those who were present. "A man newly released from prison must change, not only his daily habits, but also his way of thinking and thinking. Different personalities take differently to things, but I believe that prison life is hardest on a man when it is on a man like me, who has never been married. An unmarried man doesn't have the fears, the anxieties, the heartaches, or the long tearful hours alone, that a married man has, in addition. I've seen people say 'I'll never cry,' but I know differently. You may not be able to see the tears coursing down his cheeks, but they are there, hidden deep beneath a hard, tough exterior. Life in prison is hard but no matter how hard or tough life seems to get, a person must be able to find something to laugh about. I've been here for a few years myself, and I know that if I wasn't able to laugh in the face of extremities, I'd be stark, raving mad." At the close of his speech, Jim said, "I have seen many grown men, actually go to pieces. I have heard so many of them say, 'My wife is a bad-tempered, she'll never desert me, she's too dedicated to me that you see him a week later, or two weeks later,



next day, and his head is hanging low. He won't speak to you, but after a few patient hours of waiting, you finally gain his confidence, and he tells you that the wonderful little creature the married has filed for a divorce."

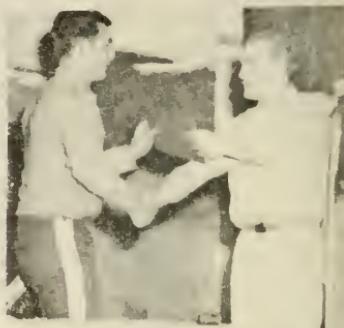
The final speaker of the afternoon was Mr. Robert Humble of Mount Powell. His titled speech was, "To Whom it May Concern." After this speech minutes intermiss-judges and evalua-winner. Finally the The evaluators, David son, Thomas Lalone, each evaluated the winner was picked. uator, Mr. William first place winner, Powell Toastmasters. placed 2nd, and Mr. place. And that's Barry was selected ator", and Fred Kun-with the title of the "All around man for the Day". To climax the conclusion of the program, Mr. Eldon Thorsen spoke on the topic of the "Power of Communication".

Can Toastmaster training help an individual stay out of prison? Here is proof that the basic teachings of Toastmasters can! In the Arizona State Prison Magazine, the El Zegard, reports that none of the 240 who were members of their Toastmaster club have returned to the prison or any other institution in the three years of the club's existence. The lowest recidivism rate in the nation. Do you lack confidence? Do you want to success without the inconvenience of the prison? Look into our Toastmasters club. Willingness is the KEY.

On behalf of the Mount Powell club members and Mr. Gregory, (sponsor) along with his fine wife who traveled



from Great Falls through icy roads, we say, your company and presence was enjoyed. The success of this Open House was shared by you.



Dear Sir:

I would like to thank you very much for sending me an invitation for the Open House for Toastmasters. I, as well as all the other wives appreciate very much for what you have done for the men. And I, as well as all the wives enjoyed ourselves very much. They should have Open House more often. I enjoyed all of the speeches, they were just great. And some of them hit me the right way. And I would like to say this on my behalf that I learned a few things while I was sitting next to my husband. I know what it means to love some one so dearly, and to be loved.

I know what it means to the men inside the walls, and my feelings are with them. I pray to God that they all have learned there lessons, like my husband.

I sincerely believe that they have learned by there mistakes.

Sincerely yours

Thoughts Are Free!

M.Gandipee

Thoughts we think are entirely free
and cannot be locked up by society.
They can lock up a man's body but not his soul,
and the thoughts he thinks as he grows old.
.....thoughts are free.

We can be criticized or punished for our views
but our freedom to think will never lose.
For shouldn't one's individuality be controlled
by his thinking in line with reality?
.....thoughts are free.

We can wander in thoughts to a distant land or
mentally figure a decisive plan. We can trip
out with our thoughts and ride on a dream to a
princess' palace or political esteem.
.....thoughts are free.

We can view our past with vivid remorse, or
plan our future on a different course as I
look out these prison bars my mind is free on
it's way to the stars.
.....thoughts are free.

ALL IS LOST

MEB

Memories of the restful sun
come forth in my mind to beckon me
But also, for I cannot go
and quench the desire in my soul.

Not long ago I was free
with not a care of what would be
but now pleasant thoughts of yesterday
can only make me shed more tears.

Dreams of what I could have been
alone keep me from further sin
But this life will break my mind.
Every day I pull hard time.

With a weary eye both day and night
I seek a chance to make my flight
Back to where I'd rather be
Walking by the restless sea.

Wasted

meb

We're trapped in a world of make believe
a beautiful world 'till minds can see
A world completely without hate
and all the perils reality creates.

'A world of love and peace,' we cried,
'where beautiful is magnified,'
but we're no good to humanity
In the wasted world of LSD.

The Talent of Life

gandipee

Life is rhythm, and the beat goes on,
You set your own pace and sing your own song
Be it the blues or a melody, down to earth music
Or a calypso beat.

Your style your own and can vary with time.
It can be abstract, or jungle and rhyme.
The tempo can change, from rock to soul depending
On your mood and desire to console.

It can reach out and captivate the crowds,
Thank 'God' for this gift, to sing out loud.



November 19 - Hannibal The Bear is again in serious trouble. The only surprise to this is the fact that it did not happen sooner. I have not been compelled to mention him in my reports for over two months, even though several times I warned him about minor infractions of the rules. In the early part of the evening, Hannibal broke his stool into small pieces with his bare hands, and then thrust the fragments out onto the gallery. When Guard Van Hees saw the wooden fragments, he opened Hannibal's cell door and ordered him to pick up the wood. Without uttering a word, Hannibal yanked the leg off his bed and struck the guard on the shoulder, barely missing his head. Guard Van Hees immediately turned on his heels and scurried to me. With several other guards, I went to the cell of Hannibal and found him ripping his bed apart. I thought it best not to attempt to escort Hannibal to the tower, in his maddened state of mind. Being on an upper gallery, it would be very easy for him to throw the lot of us over the gallery. He ranted and raged all the night, but since the day shift has more efficient methods of dealing with him, I left him for them. God help them, I might add!

November 20 - I noticed in the day Captain's report that Hannibal The Bear was taken to the tower. It has made me wonder just how this was accomplished without injuring several guards.

November 25 - Upon receipt of the Deputy's notice, I ordered the release from solitary of Hannibal The Bear. Upon his arrival at the desk, he grinned sheepishly and said he had enough of such treatment. I started to ask him if he realized that he had spent more than half his time in solitary confinement since he entered the prison, but I thought better of it. In spite of this man's recalcitrant nature, I cannot believe he is the uncontrollable type. At times he is helpful and is considered an excellant worker. He simply does not have the ability to get along with his neighbors, and his reputation as a bully keeps him in trouble almost constantly.

TAKE TIME FOR *Friendship*

AS INSPIRED BY
MARGRET STEPHENSON
BY F.L. HUSTED

A Man that hath Friends, must shew himself friendly.
Prov. 18:24.

The story is told of a great man who near the end of his life, was given a dinner by his many admirers. They told in their speeches how he had started as a poor boy, shy and not so very well educated. Gradually he had overcome his handicaps and had advanced to the position of trust and great influence, until now he was loved and honored by thousands of people. After recounting his story, they asked him to say a few words about the secret of his success. He rose and said simply this; "I had a friend."

You frequently hear young men, who are just starting out in life complain of the want of capital; if they only had a little capital they could get somewhere. The best starting capital one can have is a friend. Most of the successful men in the Nation started out without money. The capital on which they started and built their careers was friendship.

Whatever we undertake to do in life we need the help of friends. Aside from material help we need friends to counsel and inspire us. A friendship challenges him to do his best. A person who tries to go alone does not have the same impelling determination and enthusiasm that he would show if he was watched and cheered by a friend.

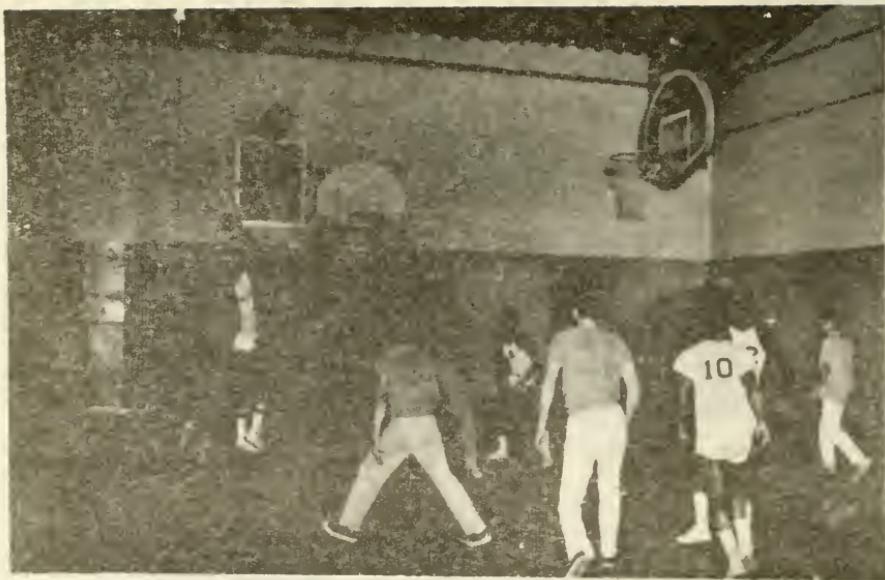
More and more, we need friends to help us enjoy life. How rarely one ever laughs out loud when he is alone. How joyless our lives would be without friends. "A friend is one who shares our joys and doubles them." We need friends not only to share our joys but to share our

troubles too. "A friend is one who shares our woes and cuts them in two."

Friendship cannot be onesided. "A man that hath friends, must show himself friendly." If you want a good friend, you will have to be a good friend. All of us; Black, White, green, blue, purple, recognize the value of friends, we constantly realize the need for them. But how few of us take time for friendships. You set apart time for other things you consider important. Isn't friendship important enough to give some time, some special time for its cultivation? Take no mistakes about it, the cultivation of friendship requires time. There must be time for congenial association and conversation.



"Frankly, I like him as he is—an EX-GOVERNOR!"



An attempted block by V 110



A jump to 11



Ford taking a shot



An opponent getting a shot off



Now on the "Women's page we have this report from Alyce Carpenter who is our correspondent from the female inmates.

Their recreational activities have been greatly improved. A chance to go bowling every Thursday is one of the reasons why. The women go to the local bowling alley and roll the ol' ball down the lane. They seem to enjoy hitting and missing those pins as the men may be. The way the scores look, they have not been successful in knocking down the pins. But for beginners, they look real good. By the next issue they should be quite proficient at the game. Maybe more strikes will be on the scoring sheets.

Knitting is also on the recreational list. Alyce reports that the women have been knitting mittens and sweaters. They may not be the best knitters in the world but they are learning the art of knitting. By the next issue maybe one of the women may want to report that she has knitted something.

Oh! by the way fellas, the women want a name for their bowling team. They are asking for suggestions from you guys. So, if you have a name you want to submit, send them to the H.P. News editor and he sure will get them to the women. Get those names in and just maybe the men may use your name for their team.

Well, that is about all from the women. So till next time, Alyce says, "see you next month."

SCORE CARD

NAME	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Mona	10	5	9	19	8	71	9	63	6	8
	5	10	9	15	23	25	34	43	49	58
Alma	71	51	10	70	66	61	18	11	17	61
	8	13	13	20	26	32	46	50	57	61
Charlene	01	81	1	71	210	61	28	1	112	61
	6	14	15	22	24	30	38	46	55	62
Alice	71	18	06	10	10	24	51	1	172	1
	18	26	32	33	42	48	54	63	72	80
Mona	71	1	71	7	71	118	71	1	13	
	8	16	23	30	37	46	53	53	60	63
Alma	71	5	00	1	51	7	81	613	0	9
	10	15	15	29	36	43	51	59	59	68
Charlene	6	71	71	81	13	91	8	41	1	77
	6	13	21	31	34	51	59	63	73	77
Alice	X	X	3	9	71	1	71	16	16	1
	20	30	33	42	59	72	72	85	91	107

ANATOMY OF A CRIME

Newspaper Story:

George Felter, 20, was sentenced to 5-10 years in the state prison. Felter was convicted of armed robbery in connection with the June holdup of a grocery store.

Testimony:

The Grocer: The punk came in and pulled a gun. I hope he gets 30 years.

The Gun: I was shaking so much it was a good thing I wasn't loaded.

First Juror: Guilty as hell! A menace.

The Money: A woman used me to buy groceries. I wonder what he would have used me for?

His Eyes: I don't understand. He never cried before.

Second Juror: He's so young. But he's guilty, what could I do?

His Mother: No! Not my son! He's a good boy!

His Chair: He didn't fidget.

The Judge: How foolish!

His Past: I did all right on this one. I got him young.

Himself: I didn't mean it! I'm sorry!

His Sentence: 5 to 10, huh? Well, one way or the other, I'll change him.

His Future: ?????????????????????????

-----Bay Banner-----

Unconcerned Society

BY Albert F. Charlo

The Public recognizes a criminal for what he is and does not see the criminal as a person. This is poor judgment of humanity. Or is it the ignorance of just a few people in our great society?

Two or three times I was confronted with the question, "What do you think about a fellow who has made parole and everytime he finds some kind of job plan, the prison administration turns it down." My answer was to the point: You are about the fiftieth person either I have talked to or heard of who has said the same thing. Let us be realistic and say that our society does not care about a criminal, let alone the prison administration.

Sure, this made both of us think a while before he said, "Why don't you write something for the M.P. News about this situation that a lot of us parolees are facing." I assured him this would be a good plan, but what was I to write about (?)

He asked his side-kick about the possibility of a person writing something about the parole officers in the area where a parolee has planned to go on parole. His side-kick shrugged his shoulders and grumbled, "How could this improve the attitude of any parole officer?"

To my astonishment this side-kick was actually disgusted with people; he thought of people as some great monster, inimical (unfriendly) and dangerous, with many reasons not to help a convict. They were the ones he had betrayed, and no matter what he did or how long he stayed in prison he could not pay for his sins. And the most dangerous to his latent, or potential, social life would be those who would not help him get a parole.

"Do you guys really feel it is the fault of the parole officers who make you do most of your parole in prison here after you have made parole?" I asked with a trailing question. "Or do you believe it is society that has a lot to do with it?" An answer never came at me as I expected, but two or three questions exploded in my face.

As I came around, I could hear myself answering the first question, "You want to know what society has to do

with your making a parole. This my friends is another question to answer. Take the people where you live before you finally got into serious trouble. Do you think for a second that they will think of you as a savior for society once you have committed a crime? Not really. They could be your enemy. I don't mean that they would sell you short if you desired a parole in their vicinity but their main point would be: as long as you are in prison, let it be this way and let us be "accountable" to support a criminal.

"Now I said that this parole process is the fault of the unconcerned society. You bet your little boots that it is. Take these people who will hire you. They are unsure if they want to hire you and this puts you on the spot with your parole officer. On the other hand, if those who are willing to hire a parolee are sincere, they would not only contact you, but, like some of them actually do, ask the parole officer for a person to personally interview with you. This would be one way in which the parole officer could find out exactly the attitude of both sides. Furthermore, this would convince the parole officer that he should give you a chance on parole with these certain people. But this is mere wishy-washy thinking, because our society is unconcerned.

"Your third question is for yourself to think about. Just maybe, you could come up with a letter or two than I. All right, you say the letters which you have written the parole officer were your plan to get out if not answered, and you have heard that he talked to parents or someone in your family but gave a more plausible (appearing true) answer to when you will go on parole. This is serious, more serious than one might think about. Maybe you can't help it, but you are the one person who is making this a serious situation:

On, hum, my question about the parole officers or society not willing to help a convict out of prison after he has made parole was ignored, but I did get a lot of information from the questions I answered.

Our main point in such a case of an unconcerned society is that we have to invent a way to convince society that we took the chip off our shoulders and are willing to cooperate as mature people.

Sports

BY

JOHN PAUL, JR.



Basketball has gotten underway inside the walls of Montana State Prison. The men who decided to try ball were divided into six teams. The team captains are as follows: Doney, Davis, Carlson, LaFromboise, Ford, and Yelloweyes. Stretch Brittingham had been one of the original captains but he went to Rothe Hall and so Carlson took his place.

There has been a lot of hustle, bustle, and enthusiasm exhibited by the players on each of the teams. Some of the teams in certain games have overcome ten to twenty point deficits to win in the end. It takes real hard playing to do that. A lot of competitiveness and rivalry goes into each game. With the exception of maybe one or two games, the games have been pretty close score-wise.

The inside "A" team has had two games and both of them were with Rothe Hall. In the first game the "A" team won by quite a margin, by 34 points in fact. In winning they surpassed the 100 point mark. The second game went to Rothe Hall by 11 points. As a whole, teamwise, both have played real good ball. Standouts for the "A" team have been Davis, LaFromboise, Doney, and Yelloweyes.

The most points scored by an individual and by a team in this young season was made in the "Court Jester-The Pack" game. The "Court Jesters" scored 119 points in winning while Carlson for "The Pack" individually scored 56 points in a losing cause. A fine performance by this team and individual.

Individually, certain players have done quite well for their respective teams. Yelloweyes, Azure, and Carl are looking real good for the "Court Jesters". Carlson is the scoring wizard for "The Pack". Emilie and LaFromboise are also playing heads up ball for their team.

to do he have also done well are Doney, Davis, Carlson, and Ford. I will have more and a full report at the next issue about individuals in future issues.

Boxing has also gotten underway but it is overshadowed by basketball. There are a few men who are working and getting into training. I will have more information about boxing in later issues.

Well, till next time sport fans. So Long!

Ten Top Scorers

	Total Points	Games Played	Average
Ford	172	5	34.4
Carlson	239	7	34.1
Yelloweyes	235	7	33.6
Doney, F.	181	7	25.9
Davis	221	7	30.6
LaFrenboise	175	7	25.0
Kenmille	138	6	23.0
Azure	149	7	21.3
Bright	140	7	20.0
Walker	137	7	19.6

Final League Standings

Doney	- - - - -	5	2
Davis	- - - - -	5	2
Ford	- - - - -	4	3
LaFrenboise	- - - - -	3	4
Court Jesters	- - - - -	3	5
Carlson	- - - - -	2	5

DONEY TAKES CHAMPIONSHIP BY DEFEATING CARLSON, 109 to 87.

The Basketball tournament got underway after the league completed their regular season games. The six teams were involved in a double elimination tournament. The two top teams got byes in the first round of this affair and the other four played to see who would be the first victors or losers. Doney and Davis got the first round byes.

Here is how the games went in the tournament. Yelloweyes and Ford played in the first game. Ford lost to Yelloweyes in a high scoring game. Incidentally, I will

give the scores of the games at the end of this article. In the second game the team captained by Carlson lost to LaFromboise by 13 points. The third game went to Doney thus giving the Yelloweyes team its first defeat in tournament play. LaFromboise won the fourth game defeating one of the top teams, Davis. The Yelloweyes team became the first team to be eliminated when they lost to the Carlson team. In this game, the Carlson team scored the most points by a team, 121 points. Davis was the second team to be eliminated in losing to Ford. real close game that was. Ford won by only 2 points. Doney played its second game of the tournament and won it. LaFromboise took the loss by 22 points. Carlson eliminated Ford in the seventh game. LaFromboise was finally eliminated in losing to Carlson, who was fast becoming the "giant-killer."

Then the big game came. Doney and Carlson were pitted against each other in the championship game. Both had come a long and hard way to be in this game. In the first quarter, Doney led by only one point. In the second quarter though, Carlson began to lose ground and Doney took command of the game. Carlson was hardly ever in contention after that. It turned out to be a runaway for Doney and his teammates. Doney and his team won by 27 points.

It took ten games to determine the champion. Congratulations to Doney and also to Carlson for taking the runner-up honors.

Here are some individual statistics which were produced in tournament play and also the scores of the games:

Top Scorers

	Total Points	Games Played	Average
Yelloweyes	135	3	45.0
Azure	99	3	33.0
Ford	98	3	32.7
Carlson	160	5	32.0
Doney	93	3	31.0
LeChance	104	4	26.0

Most Points Scored

Carlson	-----	400
Yelloweyes	-----	119

Matt	-----	125
McChance	-----	104
Azure	-----	99

Scores of the Games Played

Yelloweyes	119	-----	116	Ford
LaFromboise	89	-----	76	Carlson
Doney	83	-----	78	Yelloweyes
LaFromboise	82	-----	70	Davis
Carlson	121	Loser Out	97	Yelloweyes
Ford	77	Loser Cut	75	Davis
Doney	90	-----	68	LaFromboise
Carlson	87	Loser Out	65	Ford
Carlson	85	Loser Cut	69	LaFromboise
Doney	109	Championship Game	82	Carlson



Dynamite..... FOR LIVING

CHAPLAIN SKIBSRUD

IT WAS SOMETHING A MAN BELIEVED--THAT HE CALLED "DYNAMITE". IT TRANSFORMED SAUL OF TARSUS FROM ONE WHO HAD BEEN A "KNOCKER", A SKEPTIC, AN ABUSER AND FANATICAL ENEMY OF ALL WHO THOUGHT DIFFERENTLY THAN HE DID. FROM SUCH A ONE HE BECAME THE APOSTLE PAUL, EMBRACING WHAT HE'D REJECTED, GOING FORTH TO SPEND HIS LIFE TELLING ALL WHO'D LISTEN--"THERE'S 'DYNAMITE FOR LIVING' FOR ANYONE WHO DARES TO MAKE CHRIST HIS LORD."

BY THE "DYNAMITE" OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST, PAUL KNEW GOD WASN'T JUST SOMEONE HE'D MET IN HEAVEN. GOD IS SOMEONE FROM WHOM HE WAS FINDING FAITH AND COURAGE FOR LIVING IN THE PRESENT.

IF ANY OF US WANTS IT, HE CAN PROVE THAT PAUL SAID IS STILL TRUE--THAT THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST IS "DYNAMITE" FOR ANY OF US WHO BELIEVE. (Romans 1:16) THAT'S YOUR SCORE?

Someone seriously asked me. "How do you keep your faith in people?" I must honestly confess that I manage it as I trust that God is Someone who never gives up on me--that He forgives me my failures, and therefore makes me sure--there's hope for anyone. If God doesn't lose His patience with one as inadequate and imperfect as I know myself to be, His help is for everyone, and I refuse to charge off anyone as worthless or hopeless.

USE YOUR PRIVILEGE OF WORSHIP--Every inmate is entitled if he wants it, to the privilege of attending the service of worship of his choice. He is to be excused from work during the worship hour. He will be happy to welcome you to the Protestant Service of worship as it is scheduled for 8:00 A.M., Rothe Hall, 9:00, Women's Quarters, and 10:00, Clark Theatre, every Sunday. INSIDE CHOIR REHARSHAL, ON Wednesday at 3:30 P.M. for those who would serve by singing.

INCREASE YOUR FAITH THROUGH READING----We have a fine supply of religious literature being supplied us. This is provided with the confidence that many will be faithful to deepen their faith through reading.

A NEW SUPPLY OF CHRISTMAS CARDS HAS BEEN RECEIVED.
These are available without charge by courtesy of Hallmark Cards. Come to the Chaplain's office and select the card that will most appropriately say "Merry Christmas" to those you will remember.

DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING THAT'S BOTHERING YOU DOING?--
IT PROBABLY MIGHT YOU DON'T SEEM ABLE TO FIND ANY
ANSWER. Try talking it over with the chaplain. He
doesn't pretend to have all the answer? But he's anxious
to help you discuss and study whatever is troubling you,
and help you explore the resources of help. YOUR CHA-
PILAIN WILL SEE YOU. Send him your request slip.

FUND DRIVE

The Labarge Jaycees at Montana State Prison are conducting a Fund Drive for the sponsorship of a Seeing-Eyes Dog.

The drive is being conducted jointly by the officers and administration of the prison, personnel at Enslstrom Force Base, and the inmates at the State Prison. The total net amount raised is \$200.00, and we would like to add here that right now enough is collected by the inmates to buy a dog, and so far from since their last contribution, the amount raised is more than \$200.

The funds will be sent to the Foundation for the Blind, Inc., 111 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.; the Seeing-Eyes for the Blind, Inc., 100 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.; the Guide Dog Foundation for the Blind, Inc., West Hills, New York; the American Foundation for the Blind, Inc., New York, New York.

The enthusiasm shown by the inmate population on Fund Drive's or similar nature like the fund drive for the State Child sponsorship, which was highly successful, is indicative of the fact that the inmates do care about others, enough to give a little time and what money we do have and I might add that without the cooperation of the acting Warden, Mr. Charles S. Dell, and the Deputy Warden, Mr. James Blodgett, this fund drive would not have materialized. (James V. Thomas, "R Chairman)

Being a Good Athlete

By Fred Parizeau

Being a good athlete can have better meaning than a lot of people think.

To be a good athlete you must learn to work hard and have confidence in yourself, as well as your coach, your teammates and those that are closely associated with you.

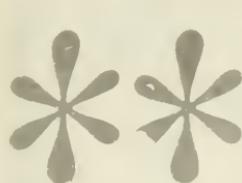
Learning to accept the advice and criticism of your coach and those who know what the game is all about is essential to any athlete.

You may think you know a lot more than anyone else, but you'd be surprised of how much you really know.

The most important asset to any athlete is having good sportsmanship. Sure, everyone wants to win, and you should give all you'll got to win. But winning is not everything. Learning to accept defeat in a positive manner is more important. The people and your teammates will respect and praise you for it.

Maybe you don't get along with one of your teammates very well. Don't take your grudges onto the court with you. You alone will not be able to win. It takes teamwork, and good team work is the only way to achieve victory.

Supposing the coach doesn't feel you've good enough for the team yet. Don't let this defeat you. Try that much harder next time. Gain from your failures. If you fall, don't stay down, get up and go again. You will not become an athlete overnight. Practice and hard work is the only way you'll ever become a good athlete.



INMATES GIVE BLOOD



Another blood drawing has taken place and all who gave are ten days shorter. 315 inmates volunteered and 13 were turned down. 302 pints of blood were drawn during October 7th, 8th, and 9th which adds up to 3,020 days of good time or almost 8 years of combined good time.

The Red Cross from Great Falls was in charge of the blood drawing so take note of the following to whom we are indebted for our good time. Bonnie Mac Donald, Mary Rickl, Carol Ball, Janet Lincoln, Victoria Boysun, Ed Dambrowski.

Volunteer Nurses from Deer Lodge who assisted in the drawing were Joan Triepke, Lucille Scharf, Jean Peters, Dolores O'Blizale, Merlynn Kleeman, Rosemarie Bertoglio, and Henrietta Clark. Our thanks go out to these ladies and so does our love via their unusually kind natures.

Blood drawing is a major event on the calendar of all the inmates. It is a day of merriment and healthy competition. The inmates are very friendly and helpful, and the Red Cross staff is most pleasant. Last year's competition was won by the "Red Devils" team from the 10th floor. This year, you will

see, you lose a boy. Those Mr. Just are Lieutenant John Marney, Sergeant Gary Peer, P. C. Gregory, Robert Powell, Pat Manly, Monty Cozad, and Chester Arthur.

Inmates assisting in the blood drawing included James Addison, Donald Bentley, Albert Charlo, Bernard Fitzpatrick, Merle Gardipee, Randy Henderson, Frederick Kunzelman, John Paul, Darrold Queen, Robert Walgreave, James Wells, Raymond Williams, and Les Wright.







Rehabilitation ↓ at Montana State Prison

(ANONYMOUS)

This one of the most antiquated institutions in the United States. In fact in the entire Western World. Whether it is attributed to lack of funds or inadequate professional staffing, the fact remains the same that it has no formal program for a man to actually find out why he is here. Sure it has a high school and even one or two social workers but what kind of psychiatric or psychological help is available to every inmate?

To change a man's thinking and sense of values requires a lot rehabilitation. For the most part, this is left to the individual. However, it should be clear to everyone that the inmates are not able to do this alone or why would they be here? By being left to their devices, most of us build up bitterness and resentment at the frustration of imprisonment, especially when there is no attempt made on the underlying causes of the man's reasons for turning to crime.

To often a man is released on parole with nothing more than more knowledge of crime and a little more respect for the police. What does he know about himself that he didn't know before being sent to prison? Nothing. Most will eventually put their skills to work once more and sooner or later will have a new number. The more fortunate ones will migrate to a more progressive state and if caught there will have the benefit for the first time in their lives to find out why they act the way they do.

Montana should open up its eyes on this front. The days of imprisonment for punishment alone are over. They have been over for some time but not in Montana. The legislators are to often willing to overlook this minority of the population as it couldn't help them stay in office. The change should come now and it should come quick. With a new warden coming, they should bear in mind the necessity for rehabilitation and not mere confinement. A step has been taken in the right direction but there is a long way to go. Look around you don't see the other states and see how they do it. They have their repeaters but not the percentage is low. If you persist in living in the nineteenth century,

WHAT..... JAYCEES can mean to YOU

BY W.M. Byrne

The Jaycees are an organization of young men purposely bent toward bettering themselves and their community. Their goals and ideals are simple. Their Creed is one of common sense rather than constitutional law.

The I.C. Chapter of Jaycees, although nationally recognized, usually contents itself to work on projects within the walls. These reasons are obvious but every inmate appreciates a little something "extra" to make time go quicker and the cell house hours more comfortable.

The outside Jaycees are involved very deeply in most community affairs. They are not affiliated with any national political party, but they inevitably take a stand on issues and proposals affecting their community. They can be, and often are, a decisive factor in deciding a project. Leadership ability is developed. Speaking quality is expanded as each man continually strives to better himself and this tends to improve the group as a whole. A simple learning process whereby the entire group is interdependent on its members and conversely. Each man stands alone, but by the same token, stands for the Group.

I told myself when I first joined Jaycees that a prison Chapter cannot be the same as an outside group. I can assure you it is the exact same thing as a Group in Missoula, New York or Miami Beach. The outside groups are run the same way and ironically enough, many of them actually seek out prisoners released on parole and often-times these men are outstanding additions to the Club.

This is the perfect time to find out about Jaycees and what it can do for you. You will learn how to think on your feet and speak in a responsible way. A feat many of us are not capable of doing. The Parole Board is also quick to recognize the merits of Jaycees. They encourage

active participation. But let's face it, its hard work. I know that there are not any Rockefellers or Astors in here so all you really have to offer is hard work to get what you want. Hard work in a worthwhile project can earn you the self-confidence and poise that is so essential to being a responsible citizen.

The door is open to all. Walk through that door any Monday night and see how you, as an individual, can learn the basis of responsibility and the key to success.

THE DELINQUENT

You say I'm bad. You're right, I am. I've learned it from your world, from you. You I am a delinquent. For as I stand before the judge, I hear him saying, "Son, you broke the law. And it is best for you and for society that you should spend a little time where we can help you." The judge is not unkind in face or tone. He only sneaks for you. But even 'kind' word is like a spade of earth, heaved upon my nearly buried soul.

There's no tomorrow. My future is my past. I am a statistic--a mark upon your chart. And I can hear you saying now of me. "I cannot understand this boy. Why did he do it?" I'll tell you why--You with the pleasant home--a family of your own, you who have good food warmed on the fires of love, you who laugh and play while others cry. I never was quite sure from whence I came. I hardly care. I only remember crawling into your world from out my broken crib, wet with the yesterdays of neglect. I learned to dress myself in tattered clothes that lay where they had dropped, when late last night I put myself to bed. I learned to fight. I had to fight to live. I learned to hate. I hate the rich, the smart, the good--all those who have the things I cannot have.

And now you say you'll help me. You can try. You'll feed me, clothe me, tell me to keep clean. I'll take your

tests. I'll listen to your words--your sermonettes. I'll go and come because you say I must. I'm yours. But you can never change my heart--my hate Unless....Unless somewhere I find one person---one person like no other I have seen who knows that deep inside my profane life. There burns a spark of goodness, waiting for a breath of love to fan it into flame.

I know not where I'll find this man or if I ever will, for all my life I've sought him. Yet in my deepest loneliness he's there, somewhere, waiting to love me--really love, not merely as his job, but just because he cares. He's somewhere in this world of wealth and slums looking for me. And when I find him--the man that I can trust, my life will change. I know it. I'll rut one hand in his and to my God the other hand I'll give, then lift my head and walk uprightly into life knowing, at last, that I have found My Friend.¹

¹Copyright 1961 by Col. Robert E. Nolte, Volunteers of America, Minn., Minnesota.

Look

By J.P.

Look to the brighter side of life and
not the bad,
Be a positive thinker and not a pessi-
misstic one.
Look for the happier days and not the
sad,
For life is too short with too many
things to be done.

Dream

By J.P.

Once I had a dream to accomplish many
things,
To rid the world of unhappiness and
its many sins.
But I found life too short, so I com-
promised,
I did what I could and that leaves me
quite satisfied.



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